



Hertford College - Oxford  
23<sup>rd</sup> December 1831.

My Lord

The curious specimen  
of early printing which a man  
names this note, has together  
with another copy, been lately  
found in the library of  
the College. The Society has  
not forgotten, and I trust  
soon will forget, your  
omnificence in perfecting  
our antique edition of  
Chaucer, as a proof whereof  
will be but a trivial one.

we beg your acceptance of  
the "Wednesday past"  
we have ascertained that it  
is not to be found in the  
Bodleian library and have  
reason to believe that no  
other library in Oxford  
possesses it.

I have the honor to be  
very cordially  
yours & very obedtnt  
Robert Throckmorton  
Master of Merton

# C<sup>h</sup>Wednesdayes faſte,



**S**equuntur hic decem fructus et fertilitates ieiuniis et abstinentie: quibus omnibus et singulis merita ac premia acquiruntur eterna: prout hic consequetur exarat quidam metrista.

**I**eiunare quidem castigat corpora prudenti  
Per quod calcatur mundus deus et paramoꝝ  
Cor quoque carnale: faciet cito spūiale  
Hoc opus vranicū: menti dat flammis actum  
Et veniam vere: peccata que vult abolere  
Pandere mysteria poterunt ieiunia dia  
Sternūt et fastum: faciunt hominem fore castum  
Et portas celi reserant cuiusque fidelis.

The wednesdays abstynence and holy faste  
Halloweth mennes soules/ and maketh them chaste  
In the mynde wherof/ clerely shall appere  
This lytell breste treatysse/Wryten in this manere

In the worshyp of Iohan Baptyst/ and Katheryne  
Crysforre and Margarete/ I make this doctryne  
Why thou shalte fast or fleshe leue  
The wednesdays/ as I shall by examples proue  
Thyty and one yf thou wylte take hede  
And this lytell boke dothe here or rede



He fyſt cause is/ in þ begynnyng of lent  
Out of þ chyche/ is put þ sorþ penitent  
In token of adam/ that lost paradyſe  
For eatynge of an apple of greate pypſe

A thousande. C. peres after Noes fode  
Was no wyne dronke ne fleshe eate to mannes fode  
And for certayne synne god cursed þ lande & not þ see  
Leue thou fleshe þ wednesday & with fylle fedde þ

Kynge Edgar / for loue of saynt Katheryne  
Made feastes the wednesday / with fleshe & wyne  
In a nyghte to hym a boyce was sende  
Thou feedest not me / but rather the fende

The duke of Norfolke / with his meney  
Bowed out on a tyme / and drowned were they  
All saue the lord and one man in faye  
That lefte fleshe meate upon the wednesday

Mercury is lord / of marchauntes as I rede  
Wherfore the wednesday / they fast for good spedde  
And as they do penaunce / for the worldes wele  
I counseyl do thou the same / for thy soule hele

Israell through fastynge / the reed see hathe past  
And Josue the conquerour / whan that he faste  
All one daye the sonne abode / or Gabaon were slay  
Than fedde þ not with fleshe / upon þ wednesday

The bysshop of halomes herber / all this he spake  
That dyed longe agone / he that Wyll forsake  
Fleshe on þ wednesday / Joy & rest shal haue alway  
And for frydages souper shall syng Welawaye

A.ij.

Moyses fasted to take the lawe/and so dyd Helys  
That in a fyry chayre/Was lyfte vp to paradyse  
Than leue þ fleshe the wednesdaye/¶ on it thynke  
Though þ haue but lytell more/than bread & dryke

Kynge Davyd fasted for mercy/Ninie dyd þ same  
And had forgyft of synne/þ vengeaunce hym bename  
Than absteyue the ofte/thus sayth saynt Austyn  
He that serueth glotony/is prompte to euery synne

Danyell fasted and sawe the preuytees of heuen  
And throughe þ myght of god/ouercame lyons.vij.  
Than fast þ Whyle thou mayst/to be clene fro synne  
For þ ne wotest day ne houre/Whā þ shalte go hynne

Besyde yorke a Wyfe/this fastynge toke  
To bread and water/and ones it broke  
A fayre chylde her mette reprouyng her soze  
Chargynge her beware/and do so no more

As blessed Bede telleth in his booke  
Saynt Rectan on a wednesday for eatyng of a doke  
Was beaten in his dreame full soze of a chylde  
That a moneth in his skynne þ stroke he felte wylde

Another cause I fynde/that on a wednesday  
Judas ymagyned/our lord to betraye  
And hym to deth do as a seruaunt moost yll  
Therefore on þ wednesday somwhat leue thy Wyll

XI. dayes Chryſt fasted / euerlaſtēge preest & kyng  
Wherfore his ſhepe ſparpled / to folde he can brynge  
And ouercame the deuyll that dampned is for euer  
Than of fastynge take hede / and lustes loue þ neuer

Ferthermore to the decre / I praye that thou go  
And rede de eſu carnium in capitulo  
Where he ſayth the wednesdaye / the frydaye alſo  
Sholde be ſtrugly fasted to kepe men fro Wo

In Uitas patrum eke / Who ſo wyll take hede  
The frydaye to fast / the wednesdaye to abſteyne  
From fleſſhe and fatte meates / it was decreed  
To obſerue and kepe / vpon a certayne payne

Saynt Nycolas a chylde / bothe holy and meke  
The wednesdaye and frydaye / but ones he ſeke  
His mothers brestes / but than he wolde themi ſpare  
The holy goost him taught / thā leue thy lustes fare

In Irelonde I rede / of a full greate wonder  
A quarrey was fall / and a man laye there vnder  
And was there fyue dayes / and at laſt was shryue  
For he dyd on wednesday forbere fleſſhe all his lyue

A chyp of Dartmouth was ſaylēge to ſaint James  
They caſt out a deed man / thā came agayne þ same  
And founde hym on þ ſtrondē þ ouer borde was caſt  
That ſpake & had hiſ ryghtes / for wednesday fast

v.ij.

There was a shyp of.lxx.called the george of lynne  
In whome there was truely/more than.C.xl.men  
And all were drowned/and spylled saue twaye  
That ate i.. dsshē on the wednesdaye

Our lordē at his feest/blessed bread and fysche  
Fyue. viii.men he fedde/and there was no fleshe  
Than whan thou soupest/fysche loke thou vse  
And whyte meate at thy bordē/þshalte not refuse

The wednesday in the olde lawe/was fasted truely  
For the better helthe/body v and goostly  
Than vse thou no fat meates/that day in thy dysche  
Though þ make.ij.meles ete whyte meet or fysche

Under a castell wall/there was founde a man  
C.yere and .i.in the duchy of wyan  
These wordes he spakē for the wednesdaye  
Untyll I haue a prent/whall never daye

On a wednesday forsothe as I tell it you  
He began his fastynge/our lordē Jesu  
Than do thou the same/I counsayll the and praye  
All maner of fat meates/leue thou the wednesdaye

Belyde Bristowe I fynde/that there was a man  
Whiche for faute of ryches/bounde hym to satan  
He tumbled ouer a clyffe/his body all to brake  
yet he had his ryghtes/for wednesdays sake.

Th<sup>e</sup> Wednesday I rede / Chryste healed a man  
Of the fallynge euyll / and he sayd than  
That pray<sup>r</sup> and fastynge take this in mynde  
Sholde heale that sycknesse / and auoyde the fende

At the batayll of durham / I rede there was a heed  
Fyfty were vnder the erthe / that laye so longe deed  
A squyre herde a voyce / that rode the water by  
For wednesday fast after a preest I cry

For helthe of the soule / all this is spoke  
Now for the body / medycyne thou loke  
As Galyen the leche sayth chaunge thy meale  
And truely thy stomacke / shall haue the better heale

There was in dorset / a greate meruayll to here  
On a wednesday was layd a capon to the fyre  
Thre oures and more / and euer he was rawe  
Thā leue thou fleshe y daye / for reasons y I shewe

There was a man of lawe / of syde Wodestocke  
That fell from his horse / his necke was to broke  
For he fasted the wednesday / euer spake the heed  
Unto I haue a preest / shall I never be deed

In the Worshyp of god and saynt Katheryn  
Margarete and crystofre / yf thou the abstayne  
Fro fleshe on the wednesday / & for Iohan Baptyst  
Thou shalt not lacke / at thyne ende to haue a preest

The Wednesdaye the clargye of our fathrys afor  
Forsoke fleshe and some dyd moche more  
Fasted one mele theyr soules to sauue  
And the kyngdomme of heuen the rather to haue  
The whiche he vs graunt that hanged on the rode  
Chyoste that vs bought with his precyous blode

¶ Thus endeth the fastynge for Wednesdaye.

Imprynted at London in fletestrete at the  
sygne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de  
Worde. In the yere of our lord. M.  
CCCCC. and. XXXij.





